VOL. 3. OCTOBER, 1900. No. 12.

LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY, LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN, BABYLAND, AND THE FAVORITE.

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"HOLDING THE BABY."

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. III. OCTOBER, 1900. NO. 12.

"LITTLE-MAN-NOT-AFRAID."

JOE lives in the Indian Territory. His father is a post-trader and has a store on one of the Indian reservations.

Joe is seven years old. Most of the year he can play out of doors. He plays "skipping arrow" with the little Indian boys, and he catches his pony, "Star," and rides him bareback and plays cow-boy, and in the fall he goes to the "timber" along the Salt Fork or to the Arkansas river, and gathers pecan nuts and fox grapes; and when it rains he amuses himself with the big boxes of Indian beads in his father's store. On "issue-days" he goes to the Agency buildings and watches the hundreds of Indians that gather from all directions to draw their rations.

On Joe's last birthday his father gave him a little air-gun and Joe hurried out and caught "Star" and started off on a hunt. He played the cows were buffalo and that the quail were wild turkeys.

He rode a long way without seeing any game, until he came where the Salt Fork river joins the Arkansas. At that point he saw some "sure enough" wild turkeys run into the timber and he rode "Star" softly along the edge of the trees to see if he could discover any more.

Suddenly a gun went *bang!* right near him. It startled "Star" and he jumped sideways and Joe lost his balance and fell off, and the pony threw up his head and snorted at the smell of the gunpowder and galloped away.

At the sound of a galloping horse, an Indian stepped from among the trees, and seeing Joe he stopped and said, "Waugh!"

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Joe picked himself up from the ground, and said kindly, "I won't hurt you. Don't be afraid. My air-gun isn't loaded."

The Indian understood English and could speak it a very little. He looked at Joe, then his grave features twinkled and he smiled. "Little-Man-not-afraid. Some day heap big Chief," he said. Then he asked Joe, partly by signs, partly by words, where he lived.

Joe told him that his father was the trader.

At that the Indian said, "How!" and came up and shook hands with Joe.

Then Joe asked the Indian who he was, and the Indian said his name was "Cries-for-War," and told him to come along, and they went back into the timber and there Mr. Cries-for-War got his musket and the turkey he had just shot, and then they went to the place where his horse was staked out. Mr. Cries-for-War put the gun and turkey in front of him after he had mounted, and then he reached down and picked Joe up and put him on behind and they galloped away. Joe was not at all alarmed, and he held on to the Indian to keep from being bounced off.

Soon they came to a ford in the river. The horse swam beautifully, and on the other side, under the trees, they got off at some teepes.

Mrs. Cries-for-War came out and took the turkey and gun, and then she led the horse away and staked him out, and the Indian told his little boy to take his own pony and ride to the Agency and tell the trader that his son was with Cries-for-War, and was to visit him until the next day. "Tell him," he said, "that in my lodge no harm shall come to the son of Straight Tongue."

When Mrs. Cries-for-War came in her husband said something to her in Indian, and she got out her little boy's new buckskin shirt with long buckskin fringes, and some buckskin leggings with little brass bells fastened up and down the outside seams on the legs, and some soft deer-hide moccasins beautifully beaded, and then she signed to Joe that they were his, and to put them on.

After supper the little Indian boy taught Joe how to dance the pipe dance and the peace dance and the scalp dance. If Joe's mother could have seen her little son in front of the camp-fire, with all his Indian things on, dancing the scalp dance and trying to imitate the war-whoop of the little Indian boy, she would have been very much surprised!

Next day, Mr. Cries-for-War brought up two ponies. He put Joe on one, and mounted the other himself. He tied all

THE LITTLE INDIAN TAUGHT JOE THE SCALP-DANCE.

of Joe's own clothes in a bundle, and then he gave Joe a little bow and some arrows and they started for the Agency.

That morning Joe's mother had glanced anxiously out of her doorway across the prairie many times. At last she saw Mr. Cries-for-War coming, and with him, on a pretty little pony, what seemed to be a little Indian boy wearing a fringed and beaded buckskin shirt, tinkling buckskin leggings and moccasins. At the same time Joe's father was coming toward the house from the store, and he also saw the two Indian riders.

Suddenly the little Indian waved his bow and arrows and his air-gun, and called, "Hello, Mama! Hello, Papa!" Then both ponies came up at full gallop.

When Mr. Cries-for-War got off, he made a speech to Joe's father in the Indian language.

After the Indian rode away Joe's father told him that what he said was this:

"See! I bring you your little boy. His Indian name shall be Little-Man-Not-Afraid. Your name has always been with my tribe, Straight Tongue, because you never have two stories. When our Medicine Man's magic could not send out the fever-spirit when my little boy was sick, you gave him medicine and he got well. When the soldiers came to arrest me and I was going to fight them until they killed me, you told me that as I had not done anything wrong I would not be kept in the strong-house of the white man, that they only wanted me as a witness, and I could soon come back. Then I was willing to go. You have stood between the white man and the Indian. You are the Indian's brother. So I bring you your boy. The pony he rides is his. I give it to him. All he has on is his. He is your son. You are my friend."

Then Joe's father thanked Mr. Cries-for-War, and the next week he made a big feast for the Indians who lived in the tepees near Mr. Cries-for-War, and gave them a steer and two sacks of flour. All of Mr. Cries-for-War's friends and relatives also came, and after the feast they gave a squaw dance and a peace dance. After the dance, Mr. Cries-for-War presented to Joe's father a red sandstone peace-pipe, and the other Indians gave him a new name, and it was, "White-Brother-with-a-Straight-Tongue."

And they also gave little Joe a long Indian name which means "Little-Big-Chief-not-Afraid." And Mr. Cries-for-War's little boy said, admiringly, "Heap big! Heap not afraid!" For that little Indian would not have staid away from his father's tepee in a white man's house all night for all the boxes of beads in the trader's store!

Fred Lockley, Jr.

PETUNIA LADIES.

(Two little Southern Girls and their Garden Plays.)

LADY PETUNIA.

WHEN I was walking in an old garden this summer where petunias had run wild until the place looked like a sheet of green summer sea with white foam-tips atop, I remembered how we children used to love to play "petunia ladies."

We used to give great "flower-lady parties" down in the garden, with sweet-fern seed and elderberries set out for a feast, on a palma-chienti leaf for a table. And oh, what happy times we had in dressing the "ladies!"

At home, Miss Petunia used to wear a plain white frock without furbelows, very sweet and becoming. But for parties there must be party-dresses.

We picked a blossom with a large-enough green stem—that was Miss Petunia herself in her white home frock.

We put her down to stand alone with her white skirt opened wide on the garden-walk. The green calyx was her little green basque with nice green tabs, such as you may see in old-time fashion pictures.

We stood ever so many petunia-ladies like that on the walk.

Then we picked a great many more petunias of all sizes, and we pulled each stem and calyx off right at the open throat of the bell; and then we dropped one of the round corollas over Miss Petunia's head—that made one ruffle on the skirt. And so on and on, until her skirt was ruffled up to her little green waist with snowy ruffles, and then we carefully picked out the little green tabs over the last one.

A floret of verbena pulled from its calyx and put, corolla down, on her head gave her a hat like the one Mother Goose wears, with a high pointed crown.

But Lady Petunia did not always go alone to the party.

There were two kinds of petunias in the old garden—the wide single white ones, and the small bell-shaped red ones, and we used to dress the little red ones out in red flounces, and play they were the little girls of the stately matrons, and they went with their mothers to the party.

Martha Young.

WE WONDERED WHY THE ROBIN DIED.

THE ROBIN'S FUNERAL.

WE went to play on the lawn to-day,
(Jimmy and me,)
And what do you think we found
Right on the ground
In the midst of the white geranium bed?
A robin—dead.

We could not bear to let it lie there,
(Jimmy and me,)
So we filled a tiny box
With soft white phlox;
It made the loveliest little bed
For robin—dead.

We wondered why did the robin die,
(Jimmy and me,)
Did it not have food enough?
All soiled and rough
The feathers were on its breast's soft red,
Poor robin—dead.

Then marching slow, as funerals go,
(Jimmie and me,)
We carried the box along
And sang a song;
We had no drum so we sang instead
For robin—dead.

The song was sad and we felt so bad,
(Jimmie and me,)
And we wished it had not died
And so we cried;
Our sobs were all the sermon said
For robin—dead.

Eva S. Molesworth.

BY COMPARISON.

NOW what is high—is it the sky?
Yes—not the tree—the sky is high!
Now what is tall—is it the wall?
No—not the wall—the tree is tall!

M. J. H.

LITTLE BENNY HAD CLIMBED UP.

A RUNAWAY BABY.

AT the top of Prospect Hill street, in the big thickly-settled village of Freedom, lived the tiny hero of this true tale; in fact he lived in the very last tip-top block and along this top-most block the street was very, very steep; but below, along the four blocks that lay between Baby Benny's block and "down town," the slope was more gradual.

One hot June afternoon Molly Smith's mother asked her to take her baby brother Benny out with her to do some errands. Molly dressed the bright happy little fellow, put him in his carriage, and started. When just outside the gate she noticed that she had forgotten her purse. So, leaving the carriage on the pavement, she ran back for it and then stood for a moment in the door to take some last orders from her mother, quite ignorant that little Benny had "climbed to his feet" and was "jouncing" himself up and down in his glee.

When Molly came out again no baby was in sight; and when she reached the gate one glance revealed the alarming thing

that had happened. In some way the carriage had started, had already reached the foot of the steep block, and was whizzing furiously on down the long shaded street and, as nearly as she could see, Benny was not sitting where she had left him, but had completely turned himself about.

It was just two o'clock, and so still on the street that Molly could hear the flying wheels grate over the stone walk; for all the men had gone back to business after lunch, most of the ladies, probably, were taking their naps, and the children were at school.

A few people, however, heard the whizzing carriage, and as Baby Benny flew past, these joined in a wild chase after him, alarmed by the sight, and poor Molly came running after them all. There were only two men among them—old Dr. Swames, who had been "easing his feet" in his hammock, and had run out in stocking-feet, with a red handkerchief over his head; and somebody's gardener, with a sickle in one hand and a bunch of grass in the other. A fat laundress had dashed out from a back yard, and was leaving a long trail of clothespins behind her from her pinned-up skirts. One lady with a book and another with her sewing had joined the hurrying throng, and dogs large and small dashed yelping to and fro.

Still the baby sped on; and poor Molly, who was running very fast but felt as if she stood still, with a thumping heart, and a dreadful pain in her throat, remembered in that brief time every cross word she had ever given him, and all *his* sweet and cunning ways. A great, great wave of joy went through her when she saw the carriage clear the railroad track safely, with only a jump into the air that increased its speed—for she had heard the warning whistle of a coming train that dashed by just after the precious little runaway was safely out of the path!

The few people who were on the pavement going down town looked back and got out of the way as they heard the rushing wheels behind them, never once thinking to barricade the walk and stop Baby's dangerous flight, and then joined in the chase.

A FEW PEOPLE JOINED IN A WILD CHASE AFTER THE CARRIAGE.

It began to seem to poor helpless frightened Molly that the carriage would be left to rush on and on and run into the river at the end of the long street two miles away; for the street was down grade for the entire distance.

But as it neared the corner where the hotel stood, and was really beginning to go more slowly, some men on the steps saw it coming, and ran out and stopped it.

When Molly and the rest reached the spot they found Benny Baby sitting flat on the bottom of the carriage, hoodless, breathless, and bewildered, but neither hurt, nor scared, and holding on with his fat little hands to the two wicker posts of the seat. He crowed and cooed at sight of Molly, but poor Molly herself had to sit down on the hotel steps and have "a good cry," which changed to a laugh when the barber rushed out and drenched her with bay rum.

Then the motley throng which had rushed down the hill climbed home again, laughing at their own funny plight; and Molly gathered together her scattered wits, righted her little brother up into his seat and started the carriage on and went to do her errands.

One good lesson everybody had learned—and that was never, never, never to leave a carriage with a baby in it outside the gate alone; especially on a hillside street with a smooth pavement.

L. E. Johnson.

A MOTHER'S SIGH.

OH, isn't it sad
That a dear little girl will ever be bad,
When she *can* be *so* pleasant, *so* loving, *so* gay,
And make sunshine for her mother all of the day!

Oh, isn't it sad
That a dear little boy will ever be bad,
When he *can* be *so* kind, *so* obliging, *so* good,
And do just the way that a little boy should!

Jessie L. Britton.

THE STORY OF A MAPLE-LEAF.

IT was a bright afternoon, late in autumn. The trees, so green all summer, were getting ready for winter and their leaves were falling thick and fast over the ground.

In Massachusetts there was an old country road leading down to a long sandy beach at the sea-shore, and on either side of this road, through the whole summer there had been one weed after another growing wild and blossoming into beauty. At a turn of the road was a high stone wall, and close beside it stood the tall stalk of one of these weeds. Not a leaf was left on it for all had been blown off by the rough wind. Away up at the top of this bare weed-stalk hung a funny little brown ball and—what do you think—it was crammed full of tiny black seeds! What do you suppose those seeds were for? To drop to the ground and grow up next year into other weeds? Oh, yes; but besides they were to feed poor little hungry birds after the snow came.

The weed-stalk was gently rocking backward and forward, trying to get a nap, when all of a sudden it heard a great sighing and moaning down at its feet. It bent over to see what it all was about—and there lay a poor little maple-leaf. Not a lovely red or yellow one, as you have many times picked up and pressed between the leaves of books, but just a very common, plain, faded one.

The weed-stalk called out, "Hello, down there, what's the matter?"

"Oh," sighed the leaf, "I don't know what to do with myself! That fierce wind blew me off from my mother-tree and threw me down here and I am of no use anyway, and I am very unhappy."

"Well," said the weed-stalk, "of course you can't feed the birds as I do, but there are other things that need to be done; so you just hold your eyes open wide and you will find something or other to keep you busy."

They were talking like this when back came that noisy wind and gave a big puff at them. It shook the weed-stalk so hard

that she trembled, and her little black seeds rattled around at a great rate inside the brown ball. It caught the poor maple-leaf and tossed her up in the air and chased her skippity hop along in the dust in the middle of the road. She was nearly choked, and all out of breath, when at last she settled down in a dark corner of the stone wall.

Then the maple-leaf began to tremble, because she felt so lonesome, and because now she did not have the kind weed-stalk to talk with, and because she was crowded in that dark corner, and because she could not see anything but rocks around her.

All at once she heard a rustling in the grass, and then a soft voice:

"I'm *so* tired and my foot hurts me! We have walked far to-day—let us stop here and rest."

"All right," said another voice; "rest here under this leaf and we will wait for you."

The maple-leaf peeped out from her corner and there, coming straight toward her, were a Papa Beetle and a Mama Beetle, and hopping around them and coming along were two cunning little baby Beetles.

"Oh, why wouldn't this be a nice place for our winter nest, under this soft brown leaf?" said the Mama Beetle. "See how warm and cosy it is here!"

They all crowded in under the maple-leaf and soon agreed that the place would be a fine home for the winter—it was so cosy and sheltering.

So they cuddled together and went to sleep there. The little maple-leaf was so delighted to know that she was good for something, even if she were no longer pretty, that she fairly trembled with happiness. She shrivelled and curled up and covered the Beetle family close and warm, and tucked in the edges to make a blanket, so the wind could not disturb them, nor the rain touch them; and they stayed there all winter until spring came again and it was time for them to start off once more out into the sunny green world.

Amanda S. Hawks.

MARY AND SOLON.

LOOK! SEE SOLON EAT HIS BREAKFAST!

(The Third Prize, Class "Funny," in the First Prize Photograph Competition, was

MARY AND SOLON.

LOOK! - SEE SOLON EAT MARY'S BREAKFAST TOO!

awarded, for these two photographs, to Mrs. William V. Havens, Columbus, Ohio.

THE YELLOW-CAPPED MONKEY.

CHAPTER XII.—The Wrong Monkey Makes Things Come Right.

PINKY Jones said that of course Patty Pinchley would know where the monkey was. And her father would take her and Bee in the carriage, up to Damsonfield to see Patty, after school, the next day.

When they knocked at Mrs. Pinchley's door it was opened by a pale little girl with stooping shoulders and a crutch under her arm. Behind her stood an old woman.

Pinky Jones and Bee told them of the loss of the yellow-capped monkey, both talking together, and then Patty Pinchley, the little lame girl, told of her finding him.

"Ben Peaseley took me to Gobang in his farm wagon," she said. "I never was there but once before in my life. There were squashes and cauliflowers and celery in the wagon, and the apples off my high-top sweeting tree to buy me a new dress. We had sold everything and bought my dress and were on the way home, when we heard a queer little voice in the back of the wagon, partly like a baby's and partly like a squirrel's, and the queerest thing I ever saw came leaping through the wagon to my shoulder! Ben said it was a monkey. I never saw one before. It had on a yellow cap and it had earrings in its ears!"

"'Twas my dear Beppo! Where is he?" cried Pinky Jones.

"Ben tried to find the owner," said Patty. "He thought the monkey would be advertised in the newspaper but it wasn't.

"I didn't think of doing that! Did you, Papa?" said Pinky Jones. Papa Jones hung his head and looked out of the window in an embarassed way.

"I'm afraid they didn't really want me to find my dear Beppo!" said Pinky, looking severely at her father.

"I couldn't put up with him!" said old Mrs. Pinchley. "He almost drove me crazy. He tore up Patty's new dress and made a rope of it to go down into the well.

"I liked him, but he couldn't get along with Jacky," said Patty, with a glance at the cage in the corner. "He pulled out all Jacky's tail-feathers!"

THE DOOR WAS OPENED BY A PALE LITTLE GIRL.

"Scat! Sc-a-t!" called a queer hoarse voice from the cage, as if it were scaring a cat.

"That isn't a parrot! oh, what is it?" said Bee.

"A crow with his tongue slit. It seems sometimes as if that bird knew as much as most folks!" said old Mrs. Pinchley. "When the monkey couldn't get along with Jacky, I told Patty she must carry him over to Jim Fosdick's. Patty, you run right over and get him."

"I want Patty to have everything," said old Mrs. Pinchley when Patty had gone. "Sometimes I'm kind of hard and cross just because I can't get things for her. But I couldn't have a monkey to destroy things when I'm trying so hard to save up the hundred dollars that it will cost to have the great city doctor cure Patty of hip disease. It's an awful lot of money! I'm afraid I shall never save it."

"An awful lot of money!" groaned the crow. "Never, never save it. Patty's lame! oh dear, oh dear!"

The yellow-capped monkey—without any cap, now—sprang straight into Pinky Jones' arms when Patty led him in. And Patty did not shed a tear when she saw him carried away by his mistress. She said she knew now, that he would be well off.

It was very quiet in the Jones' carriage as it was driven towards home. The monkey went to sleep, after he had cried a little for joy, just like a person.

Bee looked, all at once, into Pinky Jones' face.

"Patty's lame! oh dear, oh dear! I can't keep what that crow said out of my mind," she said.

"Nor I, either!" said Pinky Jones.

"I have a plan!" said Bee. And she drew herself up as Billy Boy did when he was at the head of the Pekoe Guards. "The wrong monkey was bought with my very own money, and I can do what I please with him! The sailor man said he was worth a hundred dollars. Papa said we must advertise him, if he was worth so much, for he was afraid the organ-grinder had stolen him. If we don't get any answer I can sell him and the money will be my very own. A hundred dollars! It will send Patty Pinchley to be cured by the great doctor!"

"Who will buy him?" asked Pinky Jones.

"Billy Boy has a friend who belongs to a Show—a great me-na-ge-rie. He's a Wild Man in the Show, but out of it he's just a very nice person. He buys things for the Show. He bought a parrot of Billy Boy once. It was when Billy Boy was at Aunt Kate's and so many nice things happened to him. I think he may buy the monkey!

"I will get Billy Boy to write to him and tell him that the monkey came from that place in Africa with so many g's and z's in it, where the valuable monkeys come from. Then he will know that it is worth a hundred dollars!"

"O, what a beautiful plan!" said Pinky Jones. "And half of Beppo shall always be yours! I think half a monkey is a plenty."

"A great plenty!" said Papa Jones.

That beautiful plan was a great success, as plans are apt to be when people, even small people, really try.

Billy Boy wrote to the Wild Man and put in every one of the g's and z's in the queer name of the place where the monkey came from, and the Wild Man knew at once that he must be a very rare and valuable monkey, and brought the owner of the menagerie to see him.

They went to the fair and saw him in the pumpkin, and paid a hundred dollars for him, on the spot! And that hundred dollars sent Patty Pinchley to the great city doctor to be cured.

It was true that the monkey didn't show off all his tricks at once, like Yellow Cap, but seemed old and sober-minded. But he let people see what he could do at the barn-show that the Browns had before Patty Pinchley went away!

The show was for the benefit of the church-fair fund instead of the doll that Bee didn't buy. It brought in more money than half a dozen dolls would have done.

But Billy Boy says that although Bee came out of that monkey business so well he thinks after all that a doll is better for a girl than a monkey.

THE END.

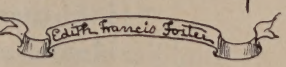
Sophie Swett.

JIMMY CROW.

XII.

One bright, frosty, October morning Jack went up to the walnut in the pasture to gather . Jimmy Crow went too. Jack drew his little , and rode on the . picked up all the nuts on the ground, then climbed the tree and shook down more, still in their thick, green . When he came down, was busily picking up the nuts and dropping them into a in the tree. "Stop that!" cried Jack. "These are my . The can pick for themselves." "Caw, caw!" said Jimmy Crow. Jack took home a -load. Then he brought a and spread the nuts out on the of the , to dry the husks. Toward night Jack took out to look at his . Half of them were gone! "Oh dear!"

said Jack, "It is again. Now where has he put them all?" Just then he saw Jimmy's disappear into the . He ran after, but could see no nuts—only an old . He climbed up on the , but found no nuts inside—only a lying on its side. He reached into the barrel and felt nothing but a . He pulled it out and peeped into it—and at last he had found the ! And Jimmy Crow perched on his and laughed, "Caw, caw!" When the nuts had all been carried back to the , and had praised Jack's work, she said, "Now we must hurry in to supper. The has set and it is getting late and cold. Let us run, to keep warm." So she and took and ran all the way back to the . Then they went in to their supper—and went too.



THE FIRST CYCLONE.

LONG ago the King of Zephyrs
Paused upon his way,
Folded up his wings and queried,
"Whither go to-day?
If I send the wind from southward
Some one is too warm;
If I send it from the eastward
That will bring a storm.

"If from northward, if from westward,
Still I shall displease;
Now how can I give these mortals
All a pleasant breeze?"
Then up spake a lusty robin
From a swaying tree:
"Any way you make the wind blow,
That way pleases *me!*

"But, then, birds and folks are diff'rent;
Give them something *new!*
This is my advice, though tendered
From a bird's-eye view;
Since you've blown from every quarter,
Over field and town,
And have failed to please them, try it
Round and up and down."

So the Air King gave the order,
And you know the rest—
How the terrible tornado
Tore the trembling West.
"Hold there!" called the ruffled robin,
Homeless where he sat;
"There is neither bird nor mortal
Likes the wind like that!"

Mary Hicks VanDerburgh.

Squirlie's Ride

(*As told to three little boys.*)

ONE time a little squirlie went down to the river, and he saw a great big chip, and he say, "My, wouldn't it be a lot of fun to get on that old chip and have a ride out on the river!"

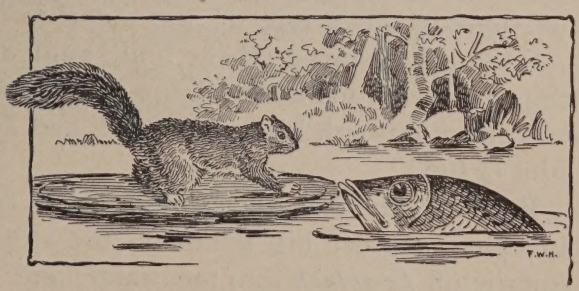
So he got on the chip and gave a big push out into the river, and stuck up his little tail, and the wind blew through his little tail, *wzh-h-h*, and he say, "My! isn't this a lot of fun!"

But a great big old fish came up behind, and went bump, bump, bump on the chip with his nose. Squirlie turn round and say, "Here, now! What you doing? Stop your bumping my chip!"

Old fishie laugh and say, "What's the matter? Can't you swim?"

Squirlie say, "Don't want to swim. Come out for a ride and don't want to swim."

Old fishie say, "Guess I better bump you off the chip and *make* you swim!"



STOP YOUR BUMPING MY CHIP!

Squirlie say, "Now don't you do it! I don't want to swim!"

Old fishie say, "Stick down your little tail then!"

Squirlie say, "What I want to stick down my little tail for?"

Old fishie say, "So I can bite it."

Squirlie say, "I don't want my tail bited."

Old fishie say," Stick down your little foot then!"

Squirlie say, "What I want to stick down my little foot for?"
Old fishie say, "So I can bite it."
Squirlie say, "I don't want my *foot* bited."
Old fishie say, "Stick down your little ear then!"
Squirlie say, "What I want to stick down my little ear for?"
Old fishie say, "So I can bite it."
Squirlie say, "I don't want my *ear* bited."

SQUIRLIE GAVE A JUMP ONTO THE LIMB.

Old fishie say, "Well, then, I guess I'd better bump you off into the water!"

Just then the chip came along under a great big limb of a tree and squirlie gave a jump and scrambled up on the limb and he laugh at the old fishie 'cause he couldn't get him.

He waited until he thought the old fishie had gone away; then he say, "Guess I'll go down now and have another ride on the old chip."

So squirlie jumped off the limb, went down and got on his chip, and stuck his little tail up, and had another ride, and the wind blew through his tail, *wzh-h-h*, and he say, "My, isn't this a lot of fun!"

But old fishie came up behind him as fast as he could come and gave a great big bump on the chip, and knocked little squirlie off *ka-splash* into the water, and old fishie laugh like everything when he saw little squirlie tryin' so hard to swim and he came up behind him an' grabbed squirlie's tail in his mouth.

Squirlie say, "Here, you let go! How can I swim with you hanging onto my tail?"

That made old fishie laugh so hard he opened his mouth wide an' let go squirlie's tail an' squirlie scrambled up the bank

as fast as he could go, and shake off the water, an' say, "I know what I'll do. I'll go over under that big tree and get a hick'y nut, and when old fishie goes away, I'll have another ride on the old chip."

So squirlie went over under the big tree and got hick'y nut, and came back and got on the chip and was eating and having a fine ride, when old fishie came up an' say, "Hello, squirlie, what you chewin' on?"

Squirlie say, "Chewing on a hick'y nut."

Old fishie say, "Give me a bite."

Squirlie say, "You couldn't bite a hick'y nut."

Old fishie say, "I'll show you how I bite!" And old fishie gave the chip a bump and tried to knock squirlie off into the water. But squirlie stuck on tight, and only the hick'y nut dropped into the water an' the old fishie grabbed it. Old fishie didn't have any teeth for biting a hick'y nut and it hurt to bite on such a hard thing, so he shook his head like everything and that made squirlie laugh. And old fishie was very mad and say, "I'll show you I can bite!" And he was going to bump him off in the water sure, but just then the chip was under a great big limb and squirlie gave a jump up onto the limb an' got away. So the fishie bumped his nose on 'e chip for nothing, and squirlie say, "Guess I had enough ride for today anyhow."

So he got some more nuts an' ran home an' told his folks what a fine ride he'd had on his chip.

A. W. Brett.

THEIR MOTHER.

(*What the children said.*)

She loves us so, she loves us so,
  In spite of all our fusses,
We know that she can never get
  Too much of us-es!

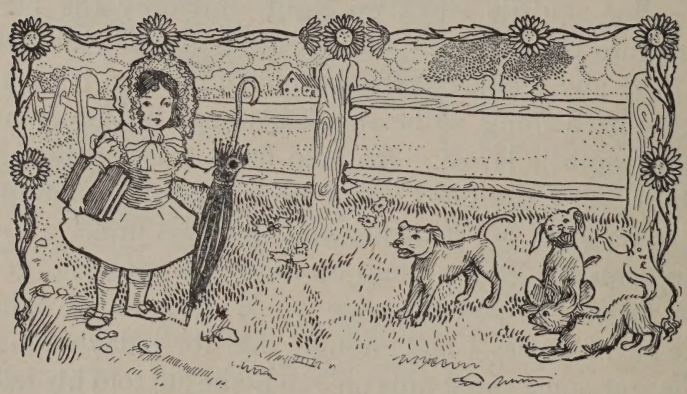
M. J. H.

LITTLE ROUND DAISY.

LITTLE round daisy alone in the field,
Where are your little round sisters, I pray?
Cold blows the wind, and you've never a shield,
Little round daisy, to keep it away.

"They are asleep for a little round year,"
Sighed the sweet breath. And the shadow birds flew,
Till, with earth's drowzing, this little round dear
Drooped low its head and was slumbering, too.

Agnes Lee.

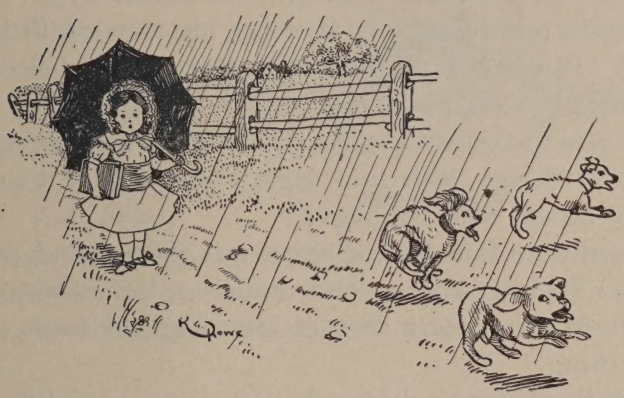


"LET'S BARK AT HER!" THEY CRIED.

THREE FIERCE PUPPIES.

THREE cunning little puppy-dogs,
In suits of glossy brown,
Who tried their squeaky little barks
At every one in town,
One morning, on her way to school,
Spied little Lucy Blair;
A pretty little brown-eyed girl
With silky curling hair.

"Let's bark at her!" they cried at once;
"'Twill be such jolly fun
To see her drop her reading-books
And scream and turn and run!"
"You darling, darling little dogs!"
Cried Lucy, in delight;
But puppies don't know English well—
They thought her in great fright!



EACH BRAVE PUPPY SCAMPERED HOME.

Just then some rain-drops, cold and bright,
Came slowly dripping down
And her umbrella Lucy raised,
So big and black and round!
And each brave puppy turned about,
And hung his little head,
And scampered home, in wond'rous haste,
And tumbled into bed!

Ellen D. Masters.

The Cocks they crow "Good Morning!"
And the Frogs they croak "Good Night!"
Yes, all the folks they thus salute
With manners most polite.

M. J. H.

Furry with Wings

IT *was* a troublesome question! No wonder it proved too much for Pusscat's little mind to settle.

Pusscat's mind was only about as big as your little doubled-up fist! It was covered over with pretty silky black fur, and there were two big pointed ears pricking up on top.

This was the question: Why is it good and clever to catch little furry things with four legs, and naughty to catch little feathery things with two legs?

If there were four feet, Pusscat was patted and praised and called a nice kitty and a good mouser. Sometimes they gave her milk to drink, for a dessert, after she had eaten up the four-legged thing.

But if there were only two legs, it was all very different. She wasn't allowed to eat it at all. They took it away from her and hid it; and if she showed it to a certain person she had her ears boxed, too. Sometimes the smallest person cried, and all the persons scolded and called her a bad cruel cat to catch the poor little bird!

"WHICH, OH, WHICH?"

Now, what was it that made such a difference between the things with two legs and the things with four?

One kind—the furry kind—had little round ears, to be sure; and to be sure the other kind—the feathery kind—had big wings; the furry one had a nice long wriggly tail, while the feathery one's tail was flat and stiff, and not good to eat. But both the things tasted very nice, and both were hard to catch.

Pusscat thought upon these questions a great deal, especially whenever the persons boxed her ears; but she never succeeded in understanding it. Still, as the family always made such a disagreeable fuss about it, she learned to be very particular in her proceedings.

Whenever she caught one of the four-footed furry kind she brought it up on the verandah and was very proud of it, curling her long tail and purring and step-stepping with her fore-paws. But if it had but two feet and was feathery, she carried it under the hedge, out of sight, and ate it up as quickly as she could.

"WHICH, OH, WHICH?"

Somehow the family found out about this practice of Pusscat. And one day when Pusscat came in at the gate with a thing in her mouth they all came out on the veranda to watch her and see what she would do this time.

Pusscat started up the path; but she trotted slower and slower, and soon stopped short. Then she turned and looked toward the hedge, and after a moment started to go that way, then stopped again.

Then she laid the thing down on the ground, and stood still and looked at it. She was thinking. She was wondering whether she better risk losing the pleasure of showing her prize, or risk having the prize taken away from her. It was the worst puzzle Pusscat ever had had.

She started first one way, then the other way, several times. At last she came on toward the verandah, but very slowly and all ready to run away like a flash should she find she had made a mistake.

When she laid the thing down on the top step the family saw just what the trouble was, and how they all laughed at poor Pusscat!

No wonder poor Pusscat was in a puzzle! It was a furry thing—so it must be right to catch it. But it had wings, also—

so probably it was naughty to catch it. When she tried to settle the matter by counting its legs, she found it hadn't any legs at all!

It was a bat.

And a bat has soft fur like a mouse; but it also has wings.

The family laughed at poor bewildered Pusscat but they patted and praised her too.

And then the smallest person took her up and carried her around to the kitchen and gave her a big saucer of milk, because she said a bat couldn't be good to eat.

But Pusscat ate both the milk and the bat.

Edith Frances Foster.

PUZZLED!

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

Little breezes
  Flutter down
Little leaves
  Red and brown,
Yellow, green,
  Many-dyed;
And they lie there,
  Side by side,
Till a patchwork quilt is spread
On the little seeds' cold bed.

Elizabeth Hill.

LITTLE FOLKS,

Edited by
CHARLES STUART PRATT
and ELLA FARMAN PRATT

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THE NEW VOLUME, PRICE, $1.00 A YEAR, **1901** BEGINS NOV., 1900. 10 CTS. A NUMBER.

MORE than a year ago LITTLE FOLKS purchased and absorbed *Our Little Ones and The Nursery*. In its successful course it has now purchased and absorbed *Little Men and Women* and *Babyland*, also *The Favorite*. These consolidations add many thousands to the subscription list of LITTLE FOLKS, and will make possible distinct advances in the magazine. The first will be

Frontispieces in Color,

which will appear occasionally during the year.

A new "Brown family" serial by Sophie Swett, with pictures by Frank T. Merrill, will run all the year:

Long Tom,

And How They Got Him.

It took the entire Pekoe Guards to secure him, with the Browns in the lead, Captain Billy Boy and Bob, not to mention Bee and Pinky Jones and Orlando—for, besides the boys of a whole town, there were two Bears in the way.

Far West Children.

All true stories, by Mrs. Lucia Chase Bell. A dozen true stories of settlers' children and their adventures in the West. Pictures by H. P. Barnes.

When I was a Little Girl.

Also all true, by Elizabeth Robinson. Just such tales and talks of long ago as little children delight to listen to. They are stories of eastern child-life, and in strong contrast to the western child-life of Mrs. Bell's stories. Pictures by F. W. Hartwell.

A new series by the author of the "Roggie and Reggie Stories" will run through the volume. Miss Smith calls these new stories

The Lovable Tales of Janie, Josie and Joe,

and we are sure the great LITTLE FOLKS family will love these children as dearly as they did Roggie and Reggie. Pictures by Chase Emerson.

The Short Stories in every number will be more than mere stories, teaching lessons of kindness, effort, and high behavior. There will be wonder stories, like Bertha Bush's **"The Wolf Face,"** and beautiful stories, like Mrs. Duryea's **"The Angel with the Broken Wing,"** and sweet stories, like Miss Hallowell's **"P. S."**—and there will be six "Party Stories."

The new "Guessing Story" will be called

The Little Owls at Red Gates.

This picture-serial, for the youngest readers to read in company with mama, will be about the two homes and the two families an a pretty farm called "Red Gates"—a family of little owls and a family of little children. This all-year story is by Mrs. Pratt, one of the editors of LITTLE FOLKS, and the pictures are by Miss Foster, who drew the pictures for "Jimmy Crow."

Riddle-Rhymes

will afford another sort of guessing play to wake up the wits of all the children—for some will be easy enough for the littlest Little Folks, some hard enough for the biggest Little Folks. Fathers and mothers will find these rhymes a helpful resource at times. The Riddle-Rhymes will be signed C. S. P.—which will also give a chance for guessing the name of the author.

Days and Occasions will be fitted with readings and recitations for school and home.

Nature Study will have help in the way of all-true bird stories, all-true cat stories, all-true dog stories, all-true squirrel stories, and many others also all-true.

Music will be a new feature; and the **Letter Bag** will continue to be a popular old feature; and occasionally there will by **Work for Little Fingers,** to keep them busy and their owners happy.

It seems quite sure that the great LITTLE FOLKS family will be the happiest family in the world all through the coming year. Subscribe early and tell all your friends about the magazine. The publisher will send a sample copy to any who wish to see it.

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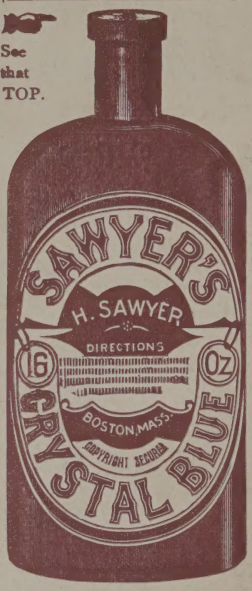

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